

The Patriot's Soliloquy:

SCENE, PRINCE'S-COURT.

WILKES sitting at a Table; a Parcel of Tradesmen's Bills; Copy of SYLVA's Bond, &c. lying on one Side; a Halter on the other.
---After some Time spent in fullen Silence, he speaks as follows:

IT must be so! PATRIOTS, You reason well!
Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
This longing after Popularity?
Or whence this secret Dread, this inward Horror
Of falling into Nought? Why shrinks my Soul
Back on herself, and starts at Disappointment?
'Tis great *Self-Love* that shews the way to Lucre,
And points out Opposition still to ME!
Firm Opposition pleasing——[*A Pause*]——dreadful Thought!
Thro' what Variety of Taunts and Scoffings;
Thro' what New Scenes discarded Patriots pass!
The wide, th'unbounded Prospect lies before me,
While Shadows, Clouds, and Darknes, blot my Hopes!
Here will I hold! If there are Demagogues;
And that there *are* the Mob proclaim aloud
Thro' all our Streets; they must delight in Riots,
And what is *their* Delight *should* prove successful:
But WHEN? or WHERE?—This *Place* was made for HOPKINS!
[*A deep Sigh!*]
I'm weary of Conjectures;—*this*——[*pointing to the Halter.*]——*might* end them.
Thus am I doubly curs'd: the Bills and Halter;
My Crime and Punishment, are both before me.
This in a Moment brings me to an End,
While *This* informs me I've *deserv'd* to die!
But *HOPKINS*, safe in his own Worth, still smiles
At Party Malice, and defies its Rage!
My Glories fade away——my Waning Light
Grows dim with Spots *before* I sink in Years.
While HE shall flourish in immortal Fame
Unhurt amidst the Jars of Patriots,
The Wreck of Faction, and the Crush of *WILKES*!